

and audience concisely, directly, without embellishment. Wonderful. Would a funny story reach him? Fun had traced no lines at the corners of his eyes. They were as straight as a gun. But he does enjoy a funny story, and the following is submitted to prove that he does. The fun in life for all his gravity. In part, it is his response to a request to know how much he is enjoying life.

In 1896 I spent my vacation as an assistant on the United States geological survey at the University of California as disbursing officer for a party equipped with a considerable number of pack mules. The survey at that time was conducted on horseback with the aid of pack mules.

"Under the rules of the survey at that time," said the surveyor, "a horse accounted for by affidavits as to the cause of death, and unless the affidavits were satisfactory to the

with the idea that he would beat Cincinnatus Monarch in a bench show, but the Monarch got the decision.

**The Parisian Egg.**

"FRANCE is very hard up for food," said President Barrett of the National Farmers' Union. "The French farmer has got France by the throat. High prices, high taxes—that's the farmer's curse over there."

"One day in a Paris restaurant a doughboy ordered a boiled egg—5 francs, or \$1 in our money. The doughboy ate the egg, then he called for the waiter.

"Waiter," he said, "I can't eat this egg. It's bad."

"What do you tried the other egg?" said the waiter."